

FREEDOM

A JOURNAL OF REALISTIC IDEALISM.

*He who dares assert the I
May calmly wait
While hurrying fate
Meets his demands with sure supply.*—HELEN WILMANS.

*I am owner of the sphere,
Of the seven stars and the solar year,
Of Cæsar's hand and Plato's brain,
Of Lord Christ's heart and Shakspeare's strain.*—EMERSON.

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DIET.

Nearly every new thought and reform publication, except FREEDOM, devotes considerable space to diet, health foods, vegetarianism and "right hygienic living." I take it that these subjects are not left out of FREEDOM through oversight. The vast majority of metaphysical writers start their teachings with the positive, inspiring statement that mind is master, and that it controls one's environment; that as a man thinketh, so is he; but before they get through they lay so much stress upon diet, health foods, vegetarianism or "right hygienic living" that one quite loses sight of the tremendous power of the mind and comes to the conclusion that after all, the tail (environment) must wag the dog (mind) as we have always been taught to believe.

Now, either the mind is supreme or it isn't. Either we may determine what effect our environment shall have upon us, or else we are mere helpless automatons in the hands of environment.

For a number of years I was chased by the ghost of diet, health foods, vegetarianism and "right hygienic living." My nerves, liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels would go on a strike at the slightest provocation or without any provocation whatever. I was finally reduced to "health," szwieback and water. Every one will admit that this was following the above mentioned four courses with a vengeance. I procured some carefully prepared diet lists—prepared by "specialists"—and studied them thoroughly. There were lists for nervousness, liver trouble, kidney complaint, indigestion and constipation. After comparing them I found I was "between the devil and the deep sea." Certain foods that were excellent for the liver, would, according to another list, cause the bowels to go into a trance. A food that might be on friendly terms with the stomach would probably find a mighty icy reception awaiting it by the kidneys; and the nerves were quite pessimistic in regard to anything not on their list. Warm water seemed to be about the only thing on which all the organs could agree. If I had the temerity to eat a few things that appealed to the appetite there would be an awful row in the interior department. The different organs would pile a few blocks of marble near the pit of my stomach, and after a few minutes replace these with an active volcano; then there were variations and improvisations after every meal.

About this time I began to read the "Wilmans Home Course." I believed the statements made; threw out my medicines, burned up my diet lists and called for victuals and lots of them. I ate cabbage, turnips, onions, potatoes, pie, any amount of sweets, drank milk

and coffee, ate buckwheat cakes and bacon, and never stopped until I was satisfied, and began again whenever I felt like it; and I gained three pounds a week until I had gained twenty-one pounds—back to normal.

Specialists are racking their inventive faculties to devise things that man cannot do; that are inimical to man's progress. They seem to think that man cannot command a greater amount of energy, and hence the only solution to the problem appears, to them, to lie in cutting down the amount of work to be done. Of course the assumption that man cannot materially increase his command of energy is wrong. This assumption is primarily based on the teachings of the Bible, that all of a man's energy is given him by God, and it would surely be a rank insult to God for a poor, unworthy, weak worm of the dust to demand, or even ask for, something that he has no right to; so the only natural thing to do with such a fixed income is to economize; and the whole world is being frightened into economy. I never liked the admonition to "spend less than you earn;" I would change it to earn more than you spend.

Did you ever notice how these specialists emphasize the danger of taking any liquid with one's food; and the terrible danger of eating anything in less than four hours after a regular meal; and say that two meals are better than three; and that one should stop eating while he is hungry—and then watch these same "specialists" treat an emaciated, weak-stomached patient? They put the patient on gruels—liquid food, awfully dangerous, isn't it?—and have him eat something every hour or two; and when he gets well he isn't strong enough to stand such dangerous habits. It does seem strange how strong a weak stomach is at times.

Most new thought people believe in evolution. They state that man possesses, potentially at least, the power of the animal kingdom, and all of them bear down heavily on the positive statement that man is king; that he rules the world; and yet they will back right down when brought face to face with some innocent, inoffensive food that any little animal can digest and grow fat on.

We hear a great deal about "pure food" and "health food." If by these terms one means clean food, it is a healthy indication, because aesthetic taste is an index of civilization; but if health food means a particular compound by some manufacturer, it is nothing more than another awful microbe to frighten people with.

I presume there is considerable difference in the digestibility of different foods, just as there is a difference between the various metals in their responsiveness to heat. One cannot melt a piece of iron with a match,

neither can he digest food with a weak state of mind. Suppose that the different foods vary in their resistance to assimilation from one to fifty, and that a man's normal power to overcome that resistance runs from one to seventy-five; then it would naturally follow that when a man's power to overcome, drops below the percent of resistance, indigestion would result; and if he could not increase or regain his normal power to overcome, he would logically search for foods of less resistance.

But man can increase his powers to overcome. He can increase them to such a degree, compared with which, the resistance of foods is practically nil. The concentration of the right thought (told every week in *FREEDOM*) will do it. It used to take hours to melt a mass of glass; now it can be done in seconds by electricity. Electricity is the concentration of great power.

After reading one of these "right hygienic living" articles, one feels that in order to be all right he must have milk baths, wear silk underwear, drink filtered water, breathe sterilized air, eat sanitarium health-foods and "commune with the spirit" so many hours per diem.

I want to say to the readers of *FREEDOM* that if you devote much time to diet, health-foods, vegetarianism and "right hygienic living" that you will lose sight of the fundamental teachings of Mental Science—that the *mind is all powerful*. On the other hand, if you live in the thought of the tremendous, infinite power of the mind, you will be able to thoroughly digest any food you may desire, and all the food you eat will be a health-giving food. All this talk about certain foods being specially ordained by God for man's use is unadulterated rot.

Did you ever think about the gay and festive hen? How careful she is about her diet! How diligently she searches for pure health foods, and you must know she is an acknowledged authority on "right hygienic living." This probably accounts for her happy disposition and her great assistance in the evolution of man.

In conclusion let me say that this article is based on my experience. When I changed to Mental Science I did not try a certain food to see if I could stand it, but plunged at once into mince pie, boiled cabbage and other things that horrible dreams are supposed to be made of.

Too many people approach their meals with feelings expressed by the old lady who said: "I always feel bad when I feel good, because I know I shall feel worse afterwards." J. H.

EVOLUTION OF THE INDIVIDUAL.

BY FRANK NEWLAND DOUD, M. D.

At last I have found a book that I can read and re-read. I do not doubt for a moment that its theory is absolute truth. It is worth making a year's study of. I would sell a hundred thousand copies of it if I could. The person who hesitates to spend a dollar for it is defrauding himself of more than he is aware of. The book is supremely scientific. Vibration is the great source of life with the author; he does not go back to the first cause, the law of attraction, which makes vibration possible, but he assumes this without writing it out; it is all there to be seen and felt, just the same as if he had given volumes on the subject.

And the sun; my readers know some of the things I

have said about the sun. I do not think Doud has ever read my ideas on this subject, but what he says just fits in with mine. He particularizes more than I did, and in this he has the advantage of me by making his meaning so exceedingly clear. No truly logical thinker can read his book and not be convinced of its truth. Mr. Doud, in this work, has laid the foundation of a new departure of gigantic magnitude; no less a departure than from the earth to the sun. He has actually paved the way as it were, for an intelligent union of our world forces with the forces of the sun. I am not sure that he regards his theory in this light; but I, who long ago—under the knowledge that all is mind—transposed light and heat into intelligence and love, can see it plainly.

I paused here and began to search his book for the purpose of making some extracts from it, but I find every part of it so concisely joined to every other part that I gave up the attempt.

I feel pretty independent about great books anyhow; just as if they would make their own way without my aid. And then I have another feeling about those who ought to read them; it is as if a splendid dinner was spread for a famishing multitude, and they could not be persuaded to eat it. "Eat or starve says the giver of the feast;" and as the crowd turns away, adds with the seeming hardness of an undeniable truth; "it is your own loss."

"You can lead a horse to water, but you cannot make him drink." Now here is the water; it is from the living fountain of saving wisdom, and you need it. You may not know that you need it, but I know it. Take it if you will. Cloth bound; price \$1.00. The Reynolds Pub. Co., 53 State St., Chicago, Ill.

POEMS OF THE NEW TIME.

BY MILES MENANDER DAWSON.

It seems strange to have two books in this office at one time that I consider even worthy of writing up, but here is another; a book of poems. I do not know much about poetry, and I wish from the bottom of my heart that none of my correspondents would ever send me another poem; an original one I mean; but this sounds very different from the ordinary. I have only read a few pages, but am struck not only with the hard sense of the author, but with the musicalness of the verses. When hard sense is given to us in beautiful clothes, all ruffled and fuffed and trimmed with ribbon and lace, until you think you are in the Garden of Eden, I expect the poetry must be fine.

The author is a Mental Scientist; I see that clearly. I like the way he speaks of the orthodox God.

I stopped here and read another of his poems called "Magdalen." Why, the man is great! No other writer that I know of ever entered so truly into the pitiful heart of a fallen woman. And now I say, buy this book too. You are buying books all the time, buy good ones. The most of the books you buy are not worth the paper they are printed on, but here is a book to love. The price is \$1.25, cloth bound; published by the Alliance Publishing Company, New York, N. Y.

Are you talking up the forming of a Temple in your community?

FREEDOM on trial six weeks for ten cents.

DOES IT JAR YOU?

[Helen Wilmans in Weltmers Magazine.]

It is enough to jar anyone but a Mental Scientist to see what an idiot Missouri has made of herself.

"Poor old Missouri," says Mr. Barton of Kansas City, in *The Life*, and then he continues in the following terms:

"POOR OLD MISSOURI."

"We always believed this epithet unjustly applied to our state, but now it seems to be more fitting, since our Legislature has passed, and the governor signed a law making it a crime for any but a medical doctor to treat or pray for the sick or afflicted, in the state. The author of the bill said he wished the law passed for the benefit of the many young men in the state now studying medicine, that they might get business. The doctors have secured the pen with which the governor signed the bill and placed it among the medical archives. Quite appropriate! Now let them put up signs along the state lines: 'God is not permitted to enter this state except through orthodox church doors.' The infamous law will be taken to the Supreme Court on a question of constitutionality. It does not go into effect until ninety days after the adjournment of the Legislature now in session. We did not believe such a dark-ages thing could be done in Missouri, but the doctors combined and rushed it through. Will it prevent mental treatment? We shall see. The true work cannot be checked."

Mr. Barton thought the dark ages had passed out of the life of his state. I am not sure that I hold the same opinion. I used to have relatives in Missouri, and when visiting them, I met with troops of the queerest specimens of humanity; people who if they had the upper hand in the community would be burning witches at this time, whose ministers were preaching the most violent threatenings of the Bible; whose religion was "Hellfire, and het bilin hot."

That the ignorant class is not yet extinct, is now proved by the law just passed against every form of mental healing. In California where the same thing was attempted the effort was defeated. The people of the "woolly west" are decidedly awake when their ideas of freedom are touched. Evidently the bulk of Missouri's citizens are still wrapped in the slumber of ignorance.

That the effort of the law in this thing will fall through, goes without saying. Can any set of prejudiced legislators tie up the wheels of evolution? Can the ignor-amuses of a single locality check the onward march of civilization? The thing is an absurdity; and the only real result of the attempt will be, to show to the public a true measurement of Missouri's ignorance.

That the same thing is liable to occur in other Southern States is because the South has not yet awakened to the spirit of growth that is now quickening to new life the thought and energy of the whole world. This spirit of growth always seeking an opening in the brains of men must of necessity take hold of the top-most thinkers first, and from them spread outward and downward. That it will be triumphant it is only necessary to look around and see the conquest it has already made.

Twelve years ago Mrs. Ada Wilmans Powers started a paper about the size of a baby's bib, called *The*

Wilmans Express. After expending the best thought and the most vital effort upon it for two years, it had only reached a subscription list of two thousand names. The paper was a world's wonder of profound thought, and yet it actually took a thousand sample copies, which were sent out in great numbers, to bring in even one subscription. But it worked along on the very highest lines of intellectual development until at last it did produce an awakening, and the little sheet gave place to something better still; a larger paper followed in its wake; one that more thoroughly represented the dignity of the movement, which was growing rapidly.

This was the beginning. Since then the large monthlies, representing all the more advanced ideas, have put in an appearance. These are gaining ground every day; and some of them are so thoroughly refined, so noble and just in their conceptions of truth, as to awaken unbounded admiration in many of the most truly scientific minds both in America and Europe.

This thought, like any other seed planted in fresh soil, found its greatest difficulty in getting started, in taking root. Like the little plant it had to send its small feelers down into the soil about it, in order to establish its source of supply, to enable it to start its shoots upward into the free air and sunshine. The process was naturally slow, but being once started the rapidity of growth begins.

The history of the seed represents the history of a new truth in its commencement.

The new truth of Mental Science has passed its rooting period and has climbed up to the unfettered element of unprejudiced thought. It has reached this place now, and what it will do further on is no matter for guess work. If ever a prophecy proclaimed itself in unerring tones it is doing it. Its growth at this moment is phenomenal. It is like Jack's bean stalk that reached from earth to heaven in a single night. And we who represent the thought are going ahead in the new realm with the seven league boots of fairy lore. The tracks we are making are calling upon the whole world for observation and inspection. And can any true reasoner believe that all this intellectual commotion, whose activity is bursting the shell of a race's compacted ideas, and changing the very poles of consolidated opinion, is going to be impeded by the narrow and contemptible obstruction of a few men who are as ignorant of the new trend of thought as the worms they tread on in disgust? As well try to obstruct the flying train by laying straw in its track. The very breath of its stupendous movement is enough to sweep all opposition out of sight.

Missouri has made a fool of herself, but she has not and cannot arouse even the faintest shadow of apprehension in regard to the movement she is trying to crush.

And look at the munificence of the object she has undertaken; she wants to preserve the medical Science in its purity. Now may heaven help us! Why there is no such thing as medical science; it is but the inspection of the process of disintegration.

The fact is, no amount of research can ever make a science out of disease. Disease is one of the beliefs of ignorance that has been transmitted from father to son until it has obtained a foothold in men's minds, the results of which show forth in their bodies, a thing

which it cannot help doing, because body and mind are one.

Drop the belief of disease out of the mind and it drops out of the body. This is what the denials which figure so largely in Mental Science mean. Man is a mental statement; his body whatever it may be, is simply the showing forth of his beliefs; if he believes in health more than in disease, his body shows forth health; if he believes more in disease than in health, his body shows forth disease.

"But," you say, "the majority of people neither believe in health or disease, so that the showing forth of these conditions in the body seem merely accidental." But the science of life, Mental Science, proves nothing is accidental, what then?

Why this. Beliefs in disease as well as beliefs in health may be inherited; in nearly all people they are inherited. It is true that people do not seem to think about either of these conditions in order to show them forth in their bodies, but in consequence of the ignorance of the past ages, these beliefs have descended from parent to child until they have become unconsciously fixed in every person. They are fixed in all persons in different degrees; they are not alike in any two persons any more than the features of face and form, and mental characteristics are alike in any two persons.

While I say that man is a mental statement, which means that "as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he," I do not assert that he has made his own statement of being. His statement is an inherited thing, and is full of error simply because the knowledge that could establish him in a correct statement of being had not yet dawned upon his intelligence, nor the intelligence of the race. We are just now emerging from the ignorance of our past life into the dawn of the new truth. This truth relates in a great measure to our own powers; powers of which we have been entirely ignorant; powers so immensely great that their unfoldment can save us from all the troubles, diseases and inconveniences that have beset the entire race in all its history.

Mental Science teaches how to unfold these powers. These powers are entirely mental; they have their rise in the larger and better developed brains of the race as it exists to-day. There has been a gradual growth in brain capacity, all through the ages, until now this growth has culminated in a power of greater comprehension with regard to all things than ever before. Therefore it is not strange that we are capable of so much more strength intellectually than our predecessors were. It is not strange that we see all things in a different light from what they did. It is not strange that, through our process of higher and finer reasoning, we are in a position mentally not only to deny what they considered the most perfectly established truths, but to establish an undeniable truth the exact reverse of their beliefs.

And this because we are beginning to live from the brain downward, while they lived from the physical bodies upward. In other words, they lived from the negative parts of themselves—which is their physical bodies—while we are now living from the positive part of ourselves which is our brains. In other words still, we are living from the reasoning faculties, while they lived from the ignorant traditions of a ripening but an unripe past.

We are the ripened fruit of all that has gone before us; this superior condition shows forth in our better ability to recognize truth; consequently we are recognizing more truth than our predecessors, and are their superiors. Let us take, for instance, the belief of the people in the power of medicine to heal the sick. This belief has firm hold on the masses even now.

And do I deny the healing power of medicine? Yes I do; I deny it totally.

"But," says the reader, "the regular medical practitioners are surely doing a good deal of healing."

I admit it; they do heal many persons; but since I have learned that all power resides in mind, I have learned also that it is their faith and the world's faith in the efficacy of medicine, that heals, and not the medicines themselves.

A good deal of good healing is done apparently through the power of medicine, but in the light of absolute truth medicine is nothing—dirt—no more; and in reality there never was a case of healing done that mind did not do it.

I am now speaking from the high position of absolute truth; the truth based upon the infallible standpoint of evolution, which establishes the fact of man's mastery over all things and conditions.

Thus man standing at the head, is positive to all below him. Being so, why, I ask, should he resort to vapid, idiotic, nonsensical and utterly negative stuff to strengthen him? It cannot possibly strengthen him. Man being a mental creature through and through, can only be strengthened by the addition of new knowledge of the right kind.

It is true that the power behind the medicine—which is purely mental, being the belief of the physician and of the race in general, often produces a temporary result that raises the patient to the condition of health we call normal. But in a broad sense there has been no genuine healing; the patient's mind has received no new impulse to higher life and greater understanding of truth. On the other hand he has been weakened; there comes a reaction after every false system, that works death in the human body; and this deadness must be cast out before the patient is truly and absolutely well.

To illustrate; about thirty years ago I had sciatic rheumatism. It was exceedingly painful and hung on for a year or more. I took the medicine prescribed by the "regulars," and went to different kinds of mineral springs until I finally thought I was about well. When some fifteen years later I began to be interested in Mental Science, and the awakening of the brain that always goes with the introduction of vital truth began, I found that I had not been cured of the sciatica at all. The nerves had only been deadened. There had to be an awakening or I could not proceed on the road of unending progress, because body and mind or brain are one. So I went on the investigation and absorption of the new, vital ideas and bore the pain patiently until the truth in my organism was strong enough to drive it out. It's every particle went, and left me capable of much greater activity.

This is only one instance. I could relate hundreds that have since then fallen under my observation. The introduction of these great mental truths into the human body, instead of deadening the affected parts, com-

pel them to be cast out, so that complete renovation is the result. And while all forms of healing do heal in a measure, the mental healing is the greatest. Indeed it is almost perfect, and is hastening on in the elaboration of human thought to become entirely perfect. Is the reader aware that a first class mind healer heals ninety per cent. of his patients? This would be very remarkable if he got only such patients as the medical doctors delight in; but when it is considered that his patients are almost invariably those that the "regulars" have turned out to die, being old chronic cases believed to be incurable, the wonder grows to the point of absolute disbelief.

But, it is every word true, and I know it; talk is cheap, but the proofs are ready whenever the demand is made for them.

And now since I have been writing this article I hear that Indiana has passed a law prohibiting any but the regular labelled medicine men to visit the sick. And so it goes; and what will be the result? What has persecution ever done but to bring out the truth? This entire movement against us is hastening the complete advent of the higher types of healing; it is calling public attention to it much more certainly than all the advertising we have ever done.

The people are not fools. They are beginning to think. They are beginning to use their eyes as well as their brains. Why I know a place where a lady was given up to die, and was actually dying, when a mind healer was asked to visit her just in a friendly capacity, and she changed conditions in one hour so that all danger of death was past, and the dying woman was well in a week. Of course the event created a stir, and now the demand for this form of healing has commenced in that town, and the regulars who abandoned the case can find no excuse for their failure that is acceptable.

But that healer cannot charge for her services or the law would snatch her up in a moment; and so of course the people's wishes are thwarted, and lives will be lost in consequence, for Mental Science does cure when everything else fails. There have been thousands of instances where patients have been lifted off their death beds by this method, when nothing else in life would have saved them.

I began this article with the intention of bringing out some very practical truths on the subject of mental healing; but my pen has run away with me and I have not done it. Perhaps after all it is just as well, since there is something even higher than the healing. This is the understanding of the principle that underlies the whole thing. When one understands it, it is quite unnecessary to provide healing formulas for the masses. Formulas do not heal in the hands of those who do not have the true understanding:

I believe that the whole matter of the persecutions of more advanced methods will end in the establishment of schools where students will be taught how to gain absolute power over themselves and their surroundings. In this case the world will take an advanced step on the road of progress, far beyond the power of ignorant State laws to curb or curtail. Even our sap-headed legislators may come in and learn that there is something they do not yet know; and eventually become a source of astonishment to their friends by showing to the world that they have almost as much sense as other folks:

CORRESPONDENCE.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:—For a few weeks I have been receiving FREEDOM. When the copies first began to come, a strange feeling would possess me, quite akin to a guilty conscience, and I almost dreaded to break the wrappers, though that strong characteristic, loyalty to my friends, compelled me to open and read. I intuitively realized that I had drifted from the teachings once revered, and felt that to be disturbed again from the repose induced by a decade of thoughtless drift, would be painful. The paper disturbed me more with the leaves uncut than it does now, with all its pages read and reread. The environment of years had deadened the splendid truths once drunk so copiously at your great fount, and it is unpleasant to be aroused from the torpor of miasmatic sleep.

Always defending your teachings, and vouching for the healing virtues I had witnessed through your treatments, still it was not with the fervid realization of truth as of old. FREEDOM has wrought a subtle change; stronger and stronger week by week, has come the saving understanding, until a new vitality permeates all my being, and FREEDOM, far from being a painful disturber, is a pleasurable tonic; a welcome message.

But it was not to tell you the above that prompts this letter, for I realize that you are both too busy to indulge correspondents by reading such valueless effusions. It is an earnest desire to add my individual testimonial to those others whom you have healed. The circumstance surely has not escaped your memory, it never can be effaced from mine; that day in 1888, when Dr. Green left me quite delirious with pain, himself convinced that acute Bright's disease would soon do its work according to his medical understanding, and reported to you my condition; and how, through that terrible Georgia thunderstorm you both drove to my humble home in the "clearing" below your "clearing." The remembrance comes back as from yesterday; never was patient so sure of relief; never more happily repaid for his faith. The sight of your face, your presence, the loving pressure of your hand upon my brow, changed my ravings to calm, and in fewer minutes than is required to read this I was sleeping, painless and quiet, not to awake for eighteen hours. The awakening was as from a dream, and but for excessive weakness, like that caused by long illness, I was well. How long you remained at my bedside I do not know; how many hours you directed the vital fluid through my breaking body you alone can tell, but certainly I believed and was saved. It is probable, Helen Wilmans, that with but one previous exception, you were moved to your greatest divine effort, and in gratitude I thank you now, still in the enjoyment of youth and health.

As a resident of Indiana it is with shame that I look upon the act of our last Legislature giving the doctorcraft a monopoly on disease treatment; but a just, high court cannot ignore the great declaration which speaks of certain "inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." Both of you, my dear friends, have the best wishes a staunch defender of your virtues can send. The power to overcome apprehension lies abundant at your command. The returning faith in myself gives me courage to send a helping thought your way, and millions of other such thoughts are flowing southward from all the land. Courage,

always courageous emancipators of the race from error! Gratefully yours,—
FRANCIS D. CRAIG,
Indianapolis, Ind.

MR. C. C. POST:—It has come to me that you have difficulty in getting your letters out of the mail. (This is a mistake). I do not care to meddle in your affairs you understand, but your writings and those of your wife have been such a help to me that I object to any hindrance whatever to your work. Stumbling out of Orthodoxy, your wife was the one who, taking time from her very busy life in Boston, gave me the right word which has made my life over. I have proved Mental Science over and over in my daily life. As a superintendant of a large ranch, having large forces of men, I find Mental Science smoothes many a place which would otherwise be very inharmonious. Once living in Florida, I sometimes long for the old state, its balmy breezes and bright skies. W. E. HEWETT,
La Mirado, Cal.

MRS. HELEN WILMANS:—I note by the last two issues of FREEDOM, the doctors' efforts to hamper you in your good works, by passing a law in the Florida Legislature. I know quite a number in the medical profession—a few good, broad-minded, liberal men—the majority narrow in their views, and, from my standpoint, anything but liberal, and densely ignorant of everything save drugs and money getting. I do not believe that many of them in their hearts have any reliance at all in what they prescribe. It is mere chance and guess work—and going according to certain formulas forced upon them in their college course.

I must say I never heard one of these men (with whom I was on intimate terms) say a good, sincere, honest word in favor of drugging of any kind. In fact it struck me they had mighty little faith in their own prescriptions. I was always advised by my medical friends to have as little to do with drugs as possible. Notwithstanding this, I tried every known remedy (both patent and otherwise) for a good many years, to cure myself of a most irritating and hell-breeding disease, nervous dyspepsia. Some of the remedies were better than others—but all were abominable, all were bad, with the result, the more I resorted to nux, and all the rest of the remedies, the worse I was getting. In fact I had given up all hope that I would even be well. By accident I was brought in contact with a Mental Scientist. Though having never seen me, not knowing what I looked like, and being some fourteen or fifteen hundred miles away, he undertook to treat me, and very soon proved to my doubting mind the powerful influence for good, of thought transferred. From that out, I had a deep, abiding faith in telepathy—for it was the easiest thing in the world for him to communicate with me as if no distance existed. He did me more good than all the doctors in America. Still it was left for you, Mrs. Wilmans, to drive every vestige of dyspepsia out of my system, and to produce a change in my whole "makeup" that I would not have credited five months ago—even after my experience with Dr. S. The change has been more marvelous than I could ever dream of—and it is still going on, and I find myself growing more and more in strength, mentally and physically. Now if these doctors could do one thousandth

part what you have done, and are doing, to relieve human suffering, they might have some show of reason for their present action. But I know the contrary is the case.

I never read truer words than you write as to your vital thought first building the digestion. Every line in that article is priceless in its hopefulness, information and wisdom. FREEDOM is incomparable as an educator and as a *life giver*. Dear friend, you are the noble exponent of noble truths, which these people (the doctors) cannot successfully controvert. G. C.,
450 16th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—During my absence from New York the annual meeting of the Mental Science Temple there has been held. Our lecturer, Paul Tyner, declined re-election, and Hugh O. Pentecost was appointed his successor. I was re-elected as secretary, and Roscoe E. Elwell as treasurer. The idea of separating these two offices is a good one, especially in the implied suggestion that there is going to be some work for a treasurer to attend to. The Executive Board now consists of Paul Tyner, Miss Margaretha Volkens, Mrs. Ida Gating Pentecost, John J. Plunkett, I. Sumner Willette, Mrs. Jessie Kirkland and S. C. Bennett, together with the officers above mentioned.

I can only say that it is very gratifying to me to see the above names, for they could hardly be improved upon. The Temple ought to commence its season next fall with a new lease of life and I believe that it will have a most successful year before it.

Paul Tyner has done much for the Temple, and has devoted a great deal of time and attention to its interests.

It was at first rather a struggle to get our Mental Science material into shape and harmony, and the initial work is usually the most difficult. And now that Mr. Tyner has deemed it proper to leave the office of lecturer in other hands, he has only our best thanks and kindest thoughts and remembrances.

I may write you more about Mr. Pentecost at another time. I have greatly enjoyed attending his Sunday talks during the past year or more, and have during that time derived more benefit from his teachings than from perhaps any other source. He is a strong man, and I have a very high regard and esteem for him.

I hope that there will be a good representation from New York at the Convention next fall, and if you can get Mr. Pentecost to be with you—well, do your best to have him come. With kind thoughts, yours truly,

EUGENE DEL MAR,
508 California St., San Francisco, Cal.

A blundering New York hospital surgeon sent a respectable woman, who was suffering from an apoplectic attack, to the "drunk cell," and the disgrace brought on a new attack from which she died, says the *Bulletin*. The law can't quite bring this criminal idiot to the rope, but if he could be made to prescribe for himself in his own ailments, it would probably only be a question of time when a similar result might be attained.—*Salem (Oregon) Statesman*.

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she had compelled theirs. They became men and women after the mother's own pattern.

But what put me on the subject of children this morning? Being on the subject I will say that in bringing up a child in the spirit of justice, he becomes harmonious, true and noble; and not only this, but he has started on the road that leads him towards conditions that are related to these characteristics. You cannot make a just child, who does not become a just man or woman, and who will not prove a blessing to himself or herself, and become a blessing to all others about them.

It seems that I was ahead of the truth when I said Dr. Shelton and wife would bring the baby Blanch here when they came. Mrs. Shelton says the baby is too young. Yes, she is too young now, but the Convention is six months away, and a six months' old baby is very interesting; she can, at that age, say "Goo, goo, goora goo," which being interpreted means, "big injun me," thus establishing her individuality along with the rest of us individualists.

The interest in the Convention is evidently growing. It looks now as if Hugh Pentecost and Paul Tyner of New York would come. If so, they will be called upon to do some fine talking after the manner they so well understand. Right beautiful souls they are; and they have noble, appreciative wives, from whom they—no doubt—draw much of the inspiration that makes them so prominent in their brainy careers.

Prof. Burgman—this son-in-law of mine—is so excited over the coming Convention he can hardly talk of anything else. He is a fine fellow—even his mother-in-law admits it. He is uncommonly talented; I predict that the world is going to hear from him a great deal yet. He is a big man—not physically, but mentally and morally. He shows off well at our meetings. He is self-possessed, and has the faculty of always saying the right thing in the right place.

I am a "lone, lorn widder" to-day, and will be for some time. Lida Talbot has gone home to New York; Ada and little Jessamine have gone to Kirksville, Mo.; where the big Osteopathic college is located. I rather objected to Ada's going, but she said she wanted to take up healing as a life work, and did not want to be so handicapped as I had been by not having a diploma. Now I have not been handicapped in the least, but it is because I would not be, and not because I was let alone. No person ever did his work in the face of more opposition than I have. And the opposition has done me good. It has been bread and meat to me; I am what I am, and where I am, by reason of it. If my first husband had not opposed every one of my ideas, they would have died still born; if the world at large had not brought the most crushing influences to bear on me, I would have gone to sleep mentally. Lord, the kicking I have had to do in order to keep from under the waves. I did not know about the high, intellectual, reposeful position of unquestioned mastery; that has been a thing of evolution with me; and the root of it was this fighting, gouging, hair pulling animal will; this determination not to be wiped out of existence by the world's established beliefs in the weakness of woman. In looking back I laugh to think of the effect Saint Paul's words used to have on me; "Women must not be allowed to speak in meeting; when they want information let them ask their husbands at home." This is

the substance, though not the words, of the "old smarty" who has done more to keep women in subjection than any other person that ever lived.

But brain is like murder, it will out. And not even the race's worship of Saint Paul can keep women in the background now. I shall drop this poor effusion. I do not feel like writing even for the Waste-Paper Basket. I want to see little Jess. I shall at least write to her immediately and let her know how her flowers are prospering, and tell her that the black kittens have got their eyes open.

H. W.

THE COMING CONVENTION.

At this writing, ground is being broken for the foundation for the Convention Hall, which will be pushed to rapid completion as soon as the foundation is ready to receive the timbers for the superstructure. The building will have a seating capacity for one thousand people, with balcony and stage. It will have a frontage on Ocean Boulevard of seventy-five feet, and on Pinewood Avenue, a depth of one hundred feet. On the ground floor will be located the printing plant of FREEDOM, *The Peninsula Breeze* Publishing Company, and the book department of the International Scientific Association. The rental from these establishments alone, secures a steady income for the capital invested in the building of the hall, which will become a popular attraction for a radius of ten miles at least to the north, south and west of Sea Breeze; it being situated near half way between the Halifax river and the Atlantic ocean, within a quarter of a mile's walk, to either river or ocean on the one hand, and on the other it is situated on the road to the college grounds; and what will be before long one of the finest driveways on the American continent; constituting the main peninsula road over thirty miles in length from the head of the Halifax river, ten miles above Ormond on the north, to New Smyrna Inlet fifteen miles to the south of Sea Breeze, through most charming woodland scenery, past pretty villas, thriving gardens and comfortable homes, and a return at low tide over the finest beach on the margin of the Atlantic ocean. A public hall of goodly dimensions has become a pressing necessity for Sea Breeze, and the coming Mental Science Convention gave the proper stimulus for its erection. It is being built by the Peninsula Improvement Company, of resident citizens and property owners of Sea Breeze, on the share plan, and considered a good investment.

We reprint the following from *George's Weekly* of Denver, Colorado:

"To the readers of this department of *George's Weekly*, we wish to announce that we are in receipt of a communication from Secretary C. F. Burgman of The International Scientific Association, Sea Breeze, Florida, that says:

"Those who contemplate attending the International Convention next Thanksgiving Day, at Sea Breeze, are invited to send in their names." The circular goes on to say further: 'Rates have been made that will enable delegates to go at half fare, and hotel rates will range from \$8 to \$16 a week. Those who wish accommodations in private families can secure same at a little lower figure than above named, if they will write to the secretary early and give him an opportunity to look around and secure what is wanted. Every effort is being made to oblige and accommodate everybody who will attend the Convention. No pains will be spared to please everybody.'

"Incidentally we wish to say that we would like to



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MY DEAR FRIEND:—I am pleased to tell you I am quite free from all pains and I feel a new creature, strong and able to command health and prosperity. When you get this letter will you please let me know how much I am indebted to you. I would very much like to subscribe to FREEDOM.

I thank you for the life and strength you have given me. Thanks is a very mild term to use, but I think you know my feelings. Four letters came from you in one week, all different dates. I have had seven in all from you, and they give me fresh life each time I get one. I would like to write you sometimes to let you know I am keeping in the right path. Again thanking you for the knowledge of life, I am yours gratefully—E. S. Civil Hospital, Kimberly, Australia.

DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—I am happy to report Mr. B. much better. When he was feeling so poorly he only worked a few hours a day, and some days not at all. For the last few days he has been putting in full time, and the terrible gloom has left him. We are so happy to see a little sunshine ahead and hope it will continue. With love—Mrs. M. S., Rochester, N. Y.

DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—I am much better, and not only hopeful, but sure that all I want will come to me, or rather, I will be able to find what I want, for I am a believer in activity, going after, instead of passively waiting for them. Now if I am wrong I wish you would set me right. I have had so many wrong thoughts set right by reading FREEDOM that I am sure anything you say will be grasped by my intelligence.

I am glad you think me in the right attitude of mind. I am so when I stop to think, but I want it to become such a habit that it will come, or stay, always without effort.

Enclosed is an order for the next month's treatment. There is this much improvement in this direction, that I did not have to borrow it as I did for the first, and by the month following this I expect to have reached the stage of having earned the money myself. I must be independent to be happy and to be my real self.—E. F. E., New York.

DEAR FRIEND:—Your thought is flowing through me every day and building me up very rapidly. Have not felt so well as now for a long time. Yours truly, W. R., Fair Oaks, Cal.

MY DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—I received your last letter some time ago and appreciated it, but have been so busy. I was beginning to think things were moving slowly, but now I have opened a millinery business here, and, though on a small scale, it is a good location and I have made a good beginning and think I will do well. I have spent every cent of my money, but have paid rent etc., and will have plenty to pay you for next month's treatment by the time it is due. I want you to continue to treat me, for I know you have helped me in this, and I do want to succeed and make money, and do well in every way here; I need your help. I am feeling wonderfully better. Thank you so much. I have other letters to write and am very busy. Very sincerely your friend, G. H., East 18th St., Kansas City, Mo.

Another burn—The baby pulled the coffee pot over in her lap. For a moment it seemed as if she was scalded to death. How I ever stilled my fears long enough to send my thought to you I do not know; but I had no sooner done it than a feeling of perfect calm came over my feelings, and she quit screaming. I emptied the ice water out of the pitcher over her, and then took her clothes off. She was horribly burned. I soon had her wrapped up in cotton soaked in oil. In the meantime she showed no evidence of pain, though where I had handled her the skin was rubbed up in wrinkled patches. I do not think she felt any pain from the moment I sent my thought to you. She was well in a day.—H. E. C., Des Moines, Iowa.

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